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EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH

"Among the tombs she walks at noon of night, In miserable garb of widowhood, Observe her yonder, sickly, pale, and sad, Bending her wasted body o'er the grave Of him who was the husband of her youth."

It was a cold and blustering night, when Rudolphe wandered forth to seek a friend whom he loved, but who had fallen from his station and become a pitiable object of compassion and misery. Rudolphe knew not whether to go, in order to find him whom he sought, but it was impressed upon his mind that he should see him in some of the haunts of vice and iniquity in which a portion of the city of Baltimore abounded. He walked slowly, musing on the vicissitudes of fortune and of life, and almost doubted the reality of the great change he knew to have taken place in him, who was once a college-mate and a bosom friend. His friend he knew had started with the fairest prospects in life; had friends and relatives who were wealthy and influential to assist him; had talent, and an education that any might have envied; had a winning and prepossessing appearance, and the happy tact of making himself loved and agreeable in any society he might be placed. He had married a young and beautiful girl, and every thing in this world that could be required for happiness and contentment, were at his command. Far different had Rudolphe's prospects, he started on the ocean of life with a cloudy sky, and years did naught but buffet with the waves of adversity, but he persevered with a determination that is certain of success under the most trying circumstances, and was now an independent, if not affluent situation. He had been absent some years in the prosecution of his business, and had now returned to spend in ease the remaining portion of his life; and his first enquiry was naturally, what had become of his friend? He could learn nothing but that his family had been for a long time in a suffering and needy condition. Feeling that in his enquiries, he had determined to seek him out at every risk, and not only and him by his advice and friendship, but to relieve his own wants.

It was on this errand he started forth on the night in question, late in this fall season of the year, and wearily, but assiduously, did he wander through many narrow lanes and streets, musing at every sound of revelry that came forth from the abodes of the children of sin and vice. But his search was in vain, and he passed on his way, the evening breeze blowing cold and dreary, and the stars shivering in the sky.

It was started by a report of a footstep, and he found himself standing over a new-made grave. His first thoughts were to retire, without letting her know that she had been seen by any person; but the time of night and the strangeness of the scene, with a thought that she might be of service, induced him to cross the fence and advance towards her.

She saw him with a start, and she hastily arose, and with great trepidation was hastening towards the city, when Rudolphe called her. "Stay, madam; be not alarmed. I wish to befriend you, if it be possible. You are in great distress, and need a friend probably."

These words, uttered in so kind a tone, induced her to halt, when she replied— "I do not need a friend, sir; for my only one, my poor husband, is in his grave, and his children look to me for that support I am unable to give."

Her sobbings choked her utterance, and she could speak no more. Rudolphe walked to her, and endeavored to soothe her as much as possible, promising to assist her as far as was in his power, and see that she was placed in a situation to earn a living for herself and her children. Placing a sum of money in her hand, which she accepted with tears in her eyes, and with a thankfulness that comes only from the heart of honesty, Rudolphe insisted on her going home, and also to accompany her within sight of the dwelling, much against her will. She spoke at last, and told him her name, and that every night since her husband's death, she had gone to the grave and wept the whole earth with her tears of affliction, and that the reason of her going at such a lonely and unreasonable hour, unprotected, was because she could not spare time enough during the day from her work, in requiring all her energies and labor to earn a scanty pittance sufficient to give bread to her young and innocent children.

Having seen her within sight of her home, he left her, with a promise to call on the next evening, to see her, and devise some means for her better situation and living.

Rudolphe went home and slept soundly, for he

had a clear and approving conscience, "the best night-cap," as one has said, "a man can wear."

"All things change with Time's revolving round. And nothing permanent on earth is found: Though now but half thy wishes thou canst share, Succeeding times thy fortune may repair."

[Aston.]

In the early part of the next evening, Rudolphe sallied forth from his home with the purpose of visiting the poor seamstress, for such she now was, though a few years since would have found her one among the happiest and most comfortable of females. But a short time had sadly changed her situation, and now she was sorrow-stricken and almost broken hearted. With some difficulty, he found the humble roof, which sheltered the widow and orphans from the cold wind and pitiless storm, and he beheld a sight which made his heart bleed, and forced the unbidden tear to flow down his cheek. On a low stool, before the few embers of fire which flickered in the hearth, sat the widow, busily engaged in sewing on a shirt; at her feet, on either side, sat two children, a girl and a boy, five and six years old who were looking wistfully in their mother's face. The eldest, the boy, with dark eyes and curling hair, was a handsome, intelligent child; the girl had light hair and blue eyes, and was the very counterpart of its mother's features.

"Mother," said the boy, "will father never come home again?"

"No, my dear William, he will never come here again; but if you are good, you will go to him one of these days."

"But mother, how long will it be before we go to him?"

"I can't tell, my dear boy—soon, I hope," the widow replied, as the tears chased each other in rapid succession down her care-worn and haggard face, despite all her efforts to keep them back. "Who'll take care of us, mother, till we go, for we have nobody to buy us bread or clothes: now father's gone?" said the boy.

"God my child, will take care of the widow and the orphan."

"Well, dear sissy," said the boy, hugging and kissing the little girl, who was crying, "we will be good, and do what mother tells us, so that we can go to father."

"Come kiss me, William—and you, Ellen;—there now, undress each other and go to bed; I will come bye and bye."

The children immediately did as they were bid without a murmur, and were soon locked in the embrace of sweet and innocent sleep, forgetting all their misery and want, in that only blessing, given to the wretched and miserable.

"May God protect you, sweet innocents!" said the widow, commencing aloud, "for I feel daily, that I am unable to the task, and must sink under my trouble, unless a friend shall be risen up to me by the Almighty Dispenser of human events. William told me before he died, that he had a friend who had become rich, in the South, and who was going to return to Baltimore in the fall, to remain, and that if I would try and find him out, and hand him a letter which he gave me, he might perhaps assist me. I will take that letter and seek for him tomorrow. His name is—"

A knock at the door prevented her finishing her sentence. She arose and let in—Rudolphe. "Do not let my visit disturb you, madam," he said, seeing that she appeared to be confused.

"Is your visit of a friend, or any one who appears to take an interest in my situation, should not disturb me, but my roof is so humble, I am unwilling that those who are accustomed to better

accommodations should be troubled by my poverty."

"You wrong yourself, madam, misfortune needs no apology."

Rudolphe by this time had seated himself on a chair, and entered into conversation with the widow, who appeared to gain confidence, and spoke freely.

"I had just determined before you knocked, to call on a friend of my husband, who has just returned to me, and give him a letter. William wrote to him before he died. You may perhaps know him; his name is Rudolphe."

"Great heavens!" cried her visitor, springing to his feet, and turning pale as death, while he shook like one with the palsy; "can it be!—dead!—you said not so!—What was your husband's name, madam?"

The widow, nearly frightened out of her wits, had retired to the corner of the room where her children lay, confident in her own mind that her husband's visitor was mad, and would utter some angry words to her, or her young ones, and barely could answer to the last question—

"His name was William Yale."

"And is he dead?—dead!—and I not see him!—oh say that he is not!—that William Yale is not dead!"

"If you mean William Yale, my husband, he has been dead near two weeks, sir," answered the widow, in a faltering voice.

"Where is the letter he left, madam? I am Rudolphe—the Rudolphe your husband meant; quick, let me see it!"

"How strange are the ways of Providence," and the widow, as she handed him the letter, which he hastily tore open, and read aloud—

"Dear Rudolphe—When you shall have received this, I will be in my grave; my wife will send it to you, and I ask as the last request of one who was once my friend, that you see that my poor Ellen and her two children do not suffer, but place them in some situation in which they can earn a living. My affliction is great in body, but far greater in mind, on account of those I leave in poverty and want. I ask forgiveness of the world and my dear wife, and die sincere penitent."

Yours,

WILLIAM YALE.

"Too true,—alas! too true," said Rudolphe, as he finished the letter, "I thank Providence for guiding my steps here. I will be a father to the widow and the orphan."

"And may you be rewarded, will ever be my prayer," replied the poor widow.

"Mrs. Yale, you can be free with me now," said Rudolphe, "and can believe the sincerity of my intentions. Your husband was to me as a brother, and although it be asking a great deal, tell me, were all the reports, circulated about him true, or only exaggerations of some few indiscretions?"

"Not half you have heard, probably, was true," faltered out Mrs. Yale; "for they belied poor William, and that made him do worse; and had his friends and relations only acted towards him as they should, we would never have come to this. Long before his death, I was necessitated to take in sewing from the shops to support my family, and the sight of my misery only hastened his dissolution, for by all my exertions, we had no bread many times, except what the charity of our neighbors furnished us."

After some other general conversation, Rudolphe took his leave, promising to call in the morning to consult on making some arrangements for her immediate removal to a more fitting and comfortable place. The widow lay down that night with a lighter heart than she had for months, and awoke in the morning refreshed in mind and in body.

Rudolphe subsequently learned that his old college-mate had been drawn into evil company that he took to gaming, and as a natural consequence, to drinking; that his friends had remonstrated in a rough manner, and that he being of high spirit had unheeded their warnings, until they utterly abandoned him. In a few years he lost all he was worth, and was compelled to do manual work to obtain bread for himself and family, and that it had preyed so much upon his mind to see those he loved so well reduced to the verge of beggary and want, he sickened and died. His wife during his sickness never despaired or deserted him, but worked night and day to support her needy family, and after his death, employed herself so constantly that she would not take time to visit her husband's grave except after her daily task was done, when alone, and fearless, she would nightly go to pour out her heart over the cold and inanimate clay of him whom she loved, and who loved her so well, while living.

It is a beautiful May-morning, the birds chirp merrily in the trees, and all nature is glad. Come, with me, reader; see you yon stately and noble-looking woman, hanging on the arm of that handsome man, and see you that light-haired girl bounding over the lawn, like the playful fawn, and see that athletic youth with his sun-burnt brow, calling his favorite pointer to take a ramble with him in the woods, and by the murmuring waters of the Patuxent?—can you imagine, dear reader, who they are? You think you can guess, but yet are dubious. Suppose I let you into the secret, and let me see if it will surprise you? That lady is Mrs. Yale; the gentleman, Rudolphe; the girl they call Ellen; the youth, William! Oh! you say you know them—but there is something else you do not know—Mrs. Yale is called Mrs. Rudolphe now!—they have been married these three years!

Partly concealed within the borders of a wood which skirts a scene where a prairie.

"Screamed in boldness beauty lies." is situated a charming little cottage nestled in the shade and seclusion beneath the foliage of overshadowing boughs. On the piazza in front of the dwelling, a venerable Sucker, named Gordon, was seated one summer afternoon, building dreams of dirt, as he surveyed his plantation, enameled with heavy crops ripening into plenty.

Now, as our sweetest dreams are fleetest and quickest to close, it is not strange that his, although pleasant, were soon terminated by some one shouting—

"Hallo, old dad!"

"Hallo yourself, and disinker how it feels," he retorted, and turning somewhat crossly with his reply, his eyes fell upon a young man, a stranger to him, leaning on the yard fence.

"Excuse me," said the stranger; "may be you would be so clever as to tell a chap who owns that sweet field up beside the timber, what you think of it?"

"Well, I will; I own it."

"Dew tell!" said the stranger. "But ain't it mighty cute that you allow four-legged animals to stick critters to be in it?"

"But I don't," said Gordon.

"I seen a boss in it, though, as I kum along," replied the stranger, dryly.

"A horse in my wheat!" exclaimed the Sucker. "Zangs and lightning! Here Blucher! Santa Anna! he-ere, he-ere."

His call had the effect of bringing forth two dogs; one a bound with legs half as long as an Eastern schoolmaster's, the other a bull, the preacher of a law, who was ever full of what the law says, and who was ever full of what the law says, and who was ever full of what the law says.

The young stranger, after wagging his thin, little tail, and nodding a light laugh that made him look suspiciously vagrant, walked to the corner door, and then without ceremony entered the parlor. Here, finding himself alone, he proceeded to a survey of the apartment. It was a room of much leisure, however, to observe and admire the taste and elegance combined in every thing

around him, he was entranced by a gush of rich, wild melody, succeeded by the sound of light footsteps, and a beautiful young girl entered the room. Oh, that fair, rosy-cheeked damsel, the very personation of blitheness. She was startled, though when her soft blue eyes encountered the stranger, and was hastily withdrawing; in doing which, she chanced to cast another glance; her countenance changed from fright to gladness; she uttered the name of Henry Leslie, and then rushed out of the door, but smacked into the young stranger's arms. What an extraordinary act of in-fact-a-tion! She let him—let him kiss her, too! and listened to his impassioned language—

Why, what did the girl mean? Their conversation will perhaps suffice to explain.

"Clarissa," said the stranger, "Clarissa, my beautiful idol, I have come to claim you for my own."

"O Henry, I fear that our hopes will never change to realities. I love you; very, very much; but my father dislikes you, merely because you are a yankee lawyer. He is obstinate, and will not consent; and the rosy flush fled the lady's cheek."

"Do not fear, Clarissa," said Henry Leslie. "I can and will remove the prejudice. I know how to work on a farm; and as he does not know me, I will hire to him under an assumed name, and by the merit of honest worth and virtue, win a place in his affections."

Their hopes excited, and consequently their anxieties lulled, by the reasonableness of this plan, the two seated themselves on the sofa, and enjoyed those bright angel-planned delights with which a reciprocation of love inspires young hearts. When Gordon returned, however, he found the young stranger alone; Clarissa having deemed it prudent to retire at the sound of her father's footsteps. Gordon was glad that the stranger had carried; he wished to give him a "pealing;" for he had searched the geld over, and found no horse.

"Now don't blame me, old man," said the yankee, "for sorer than my name is Dick Quirk, I seen a boss, a dead one, in that're very wheat as I kum along."

Oh! but old Gordon waxed wroth, at thus learning that he had been sent to drive a mere skeleton from his field; yet the yankee contrived to calm his ruffled feelings, and hire himself to the Sucker, to "dew things," closing the bargain with the impartial agreement that they might "license pocus" one another as much as they pleased; whereupon Gordon tickled his inner-self with the conceit that he would make our hero suffer for all the wrongs he had endured from yankee trickery, even from the time of his buying a clock of a Connecticut pedler, which he said kept time backward, down to the period when the New York pettifogger wished to marry Clarissa.

Respecting Henry Leslie; he had been in early manhood, an enterprising young farmer, endowed with a board and beautiful domain. But being gifted with an excellent smack of intellectual powers, he had been induced to forsake the natural avocation, for one perhaps better befitting his ambition, taste and ability—namely, law. In the village where he studied and practised, he became acquainted with Clarissa Gordon, who had accompanied an aunt from the West, with the design of completing her education at one of those numerous institutions for female instruction, with which the Eastern States abound. They loved. The aunt wrote to the brother, old Gordon, soliciting his consent for Clarissa to marry, explaining affairs, &c. Gordon answered, stating that he should ever negative his daughter's wish to marry a yankee, who it appeared was too lazy to work, and hence had resorted to pettifoggery. He also instructed Clarissa to come home immediately, under the protection of an elderly lady and gentleman, friends of his, then about to return from the east. Clarissa was obedient—weeping—and obeyed her father.

Love, we all know, is like wine, a mocker, and sometimes postrates its victims by mysterious intoxication. Something of this kind befel Leslie. His noble upbraidings of desire, his unrest of ambition, were stayed. The excitement of political life, of business, became charmless! And within the laps of a twelve-month, we find him, at first presented to the reader, disguised under an assumed name, language, and demeanor, entering upon the plan to win his "lady love" by the sweet of his brow. Herein was centered the whole, testing the purity of his affection, and proving it as pure and clear and untainted as the waters of a mountain spring. He was willing to labor for her like the Patriarch on record; to toil to endure the wring and rack of bones and sinew. Gradually did he win his way into the old man's esteem: On good deeds he laid the base, and built a good character. By his steady application, and his practical skill and ability to labor, he substantiated a reputation for industry; and from experience, combined with book knowledge, superiority in the pursuits of agriculture. In the latter Gordon, was particularly indebted to him; he acknowledged his worth, the plantation too, expressed it legibly. Nevertheless, I do not know what would have been the result, had not a circumstance occurred propitious to the lovers. It was this:

Gordon was very unjustly prosecuted by neighbors. Appearing at court at the time summoned, (it was justice's trial) he found every body there, and he was asked to see, but his own lawyer for the first time allowed him to delay the suit to the farthest limits that the law admits of, but no longer. He would not be beat for a hundred dollars; yet he knew he could not afford to sue any body himself. To the man like him, independent to obstinacy, such a situation was nothing in the extreme. As the justice was declaring that the case must proceed forthwith, Dick Quirk, alias Leslie, whispered to Gordon,

"May be, seein as how your lawyer ain't kum, you'll let me try your side; I've did such things afore."

Gordon opened his eyes wide and stared at him.

"I dont think you need hang off; for I'll pay costs and damages, and give your a year's work, if I cant beat him."

Gordon complied, partly from despair, and partly because he never knew Dick to fail in anything he undertook.

Five minutes elapsed, and Leslie was in the element. He had rich sport that afternoon. The cornering up of some half a dozen suspicious witnesses; the putting to flight of half as many half-fledged lawyers; the astonishment which the audience evinced at throwing off his assumed style of speaking, as he merged into the chaste, clear and rapid stream of eloquence; the plain exposition of the facts and of the law, woven into one glorious irresistible argument, finally resulting in a verdict favorable to his client—were both a amusement and profit to Leslie.

Gordon during the whole affair had set with his mouth so wide open that he could have tossed a potatoe, sufficiently large for breakfast, down his throat without his knowing it, and when they were riding home he said:

"Dick, if you are a yankee, I don't care if you are an all-jiffree good feller."

"So I am," said Leslie, laughing. "Indeed, whether you take me in the field of labor, the court-room, or any other place of business, you please, do you know any man superior to me hereabouts?"

"No I don't."

"And what do you thing of my poverty?" asked Leslie.

"I think you will exchange it for something better, as you did your blamed Taunton-tone, today," answered Gordon.

"Do you consider poverty a disgrace?" continued Leslie.

"Well now, I shouldn't think I did."

"Well sir," said Leslie, stammering a little, "inasmuch as you seem to harbour no sentiment concerning my affairs but what favors me, I will be so bold as to inform you that there is a mutual attachment existing between your daughter and myself, and we solicit your consent to our marriage."

Gordon opened his eyes and mouth again wider than ever.

"She is yours, by jingo," said the father, after a short pause. "All I care about it is; that she will have to take such a consarned name. Quirk—Quirk—Quirk; it sounds so like a sick gobbler's soliloquy; but I spose we can petition the Legislature, and have it altered."

"Clarissa," said Gordon, in the evening, "Clarissa Quirk has told me, you loved one, another; so I have given you to him entirely. I am glad girl, that you have this time made choice of a man who knows how to pettifog, jam up, without being too lazy to work on a farm."

Clarissa laughed in her sleeve.

Henry Leslie and Clarissa Gordon were married.—After the departure of the wedding guests on that eventful occasion, even after the ceremony which launched them into the inexplicable, inextinguishable, yelped matrimony. Even after the cake, music, tea, kissing, wine, dancing, and coffee, after all were gone, Clarissa found herself sitting between her husband and her father. She turned her eyes to the latter, and said beseechingly—

"Father, will you forgive us?"

"Forgive you for what child?"

"Why, you know, I—I—loved, and wished to wed Henry Leslie, my first flame, but you would not consent to our alliance."

"And you recollect too, perhaps," said the young husband, "that when I first came here, the mutual agreement was, that we were to focus pocus each other as much as we pleased."

"Well, what I was about to say," continued the bride, "is that Dick Quirk and Henry Leslie are the same person."

"Zangs and lightning!" exclaimed Gordon; springing to his feet; but he paused, and surveyed both the culprits attentively, and then continued without passion: "What an old fool I have been, to fancy that my girl didn't know enough to choose a fit and proper husband. Forgive you yes I will, and bless you into the bargain. Come to think of it, I am glad it has happened so, for we shant have a petition to the general assembly, in order to get rid of that blamed sick-gobbler-soliloquising Quirk—Quirk—Quirk!"

The son TAT. Some rough men need rough handling, and in no other way can you get along with them. Such an one was old B—, a rich money lender in S—. A stranger, who wished to hire some money, was once directed to him with the caution that he would find old B— a rough piece, and if he would get on with him he must be sure to give him as good as he sent.—The borrower knocked at the lender's door:

"Does B— live here?"

"My name's B—," said the crusty old man, as he opened the door.

"I want to borrow some money," said the stranger.

"Who made you?" exclaimed old B—, in his sharpest, roughest voice.

"Moses," said the man, nothing intimidated.

"And who made you?" shouted the man to old B—.

"Aaron," replied the old money lender, beginning to feel that he found his match.

"I thought you looked like that golden calf Aaron made in the wilderness," retorted the money-borrower.

"Come in, come in," cried the old usurer, "I'll let you have what you want."

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

The following incidents we take from the Courier and Enquirer, and, if true, shows rather a remarkable case. The course of Mr. Bancroft is highly honorable to him as an officer, and proves that in the administration of his department he knows no fear or favor, and is determined to do his whole duty to the country.

"A rather singular correspondence has taken place recently between Mr. Bancroft and various other persons in the Navy, which would indicate that Mr. B. had some idea of putting a stop to some of the abuses which now exist in the navy. I learn that a short time ago Mr. Bancroft ordered Mr. Handy of New York, to join the sloop of war Cyane, at Norfolk which is about to go on a cruise to the Pacific, and report himself for duty. Now Mr. Handy, I understand, is the president of one of the steamboat companies whose boats navigate Long Island Sound, and had no desire to give up his snug berth, while he sincerely wished the government to pay him his pursuer's salary for doing nothing for the service. Mr. Handy therefore goes to Dr. Ruchemburger, at the Naval Hospital, New York, and Dr. R. gives him a certificate that he is not fit for sea service, which the worthy person encloses in a letter to Mr. Bancroft. Mr. B., immediately on receipt of it, placed Mr. Handy on furlough. He then wrote to Dr. Ruchemburger, giving him a very sharp reprimand for having ventured to give such a certificate without having had any orders from the Department to examine Mr. Handy, and requests him for the future not to give any until he was asked for them. He then detailed three surgeons to form a board of survey, and sent orders to them to report themselves to Commodore Morgan at the Naval Asylum, Philadelphia, and writes to Purser Handy to do likewise.

Mr. Handy replies that he will do so, and encloses in his letter a certificate from Dr. Wiley of the Naval Asylum at New York, stating that he had been intimately acquainted with Mr. Handy's constitution for many years, and that he was not fit for sea service. Mr. H. went to Philadelphia, the survey was held, and the Board reported to the Secretary of the Navy that Purser Handy was fit for sea service. Hereupon Mr. Bancroft wrote a most peremptory letter to Mr. Handy to join the Cyane forthwith, and at the same time sent orders to Dr. Wiley to join the same vessel, informing him that as he was so intimately acquainted with Mr. Handy's constitution, he would be afforded a most excellent opportunity of attending to it during the cruise.

What will be the end of it remains to be seen. Mr. Handy will hardly like to give up his Presidency of the Steamboat Company, and yet it would be unjust to allow him to receive pay as Purser when he tried to escape the service for which he is so justly liable. I learn also that when the survey had been held, and the peremptory order given for Purser Handy to join the Cyane, he wrote a letter covering eight pages of foolscap to prove to the Secretary of the Navy that a Purser who had been in the service twenty years ought not to be required to go to sea at all.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The following article, which we find in the Baltimore Argus, from a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Baltimore County is worthy of attention and imitation by candidates for office. It is of the right spirit.

To the Democratic voters of Baltimore. The constituted authority of the Democracy of Baltimore having determined that a Convention shall be called to nominate a candidate for the office of Sheriff of the City, it is but proper, being myself before the people for the same, to state publicly as I have done privately, that I will cheerfully abide the decision of said Convention. As I have ever respected the wishes of the party, when expressed, and never in sixteen years voting opposed it in a single instance, after its nominations were made, it is too late for me now to deviate from that good old rule, which requires all within the Household of the Democratic Family to support the nominees.—Without this adhesion of its members no good can be accomplished by any party, for their cause or themselves, and I would say, with all due respect for the opinions of those of both parties, who may differ with me—better for me to buy tickets in the Lotteries for a living than run against the regularly nominated candidate. Although I generally express and enforce my opinions freely and honorably before a nomination, I regard that event as settling all differences and hope my Democratic competitors will do the same.

Being resolved not to ask office, and the hands of any appointing power, but to take it from the people if they confer it, I confidently rest upon their justice and will be content with the result of their action. Very respectfully,
One of the People,
CHARLES SORAN.

Mysterious Disappearance. A young man, by the name of Wm. W. Hubbard, left the house and employ of Wm. Kinsman, Jr., in Waterford Maine, on Sunday, the 10th inst., and had not since been heard from. All the information that can be had since the time of his leaving the house of his employer on Sabbath noon, is the discovery of his name carved on a platform on the top of Mount Tyran, accompanied with the couplet, "When this you see remember me," and some disconnected sentences of hymns, &c. Although diligent search has been made at two different times, by a sufficient number of the inhabitants to thoroughly explore the mountain, no other traces of him can yet be discovered. He was in his 22d year, and somewhat of an eccentric genius—so much so as to leave reason to suppose that he may have cleared out for the purpose of seeing the world.

Decidedly Good. "Which is the best house in—" said a gentleman on a steamer addressing a person who, he had been informed, resided at the place indicated.

"House," was the decided response. "That's the house where all the big bugs stop." Discovering after a night of unrest, that his informant was the keeper of the house alluded to, he desired him to send his baggage to some house where the bugs were not so big.

THE PROGRESS OF AGGRESSION.

That the English and French in their race for power will come into collision at no very distant day, becomes more evident daily. The intense feeling of jealousy exists at bottom, notwithstanding the benign aspect of the relations of the two countries at home; and the glory idolized by the Gaul, and the more solid advantages accruing from conquest held dear by the Briton, will eventually bring about an incident which will set Europe in a blaze.

At present the difficulty seems most apparent in the operations in the Pacific. France has in fact taken possession of Tahiti, and how to dislodge the conquer without furnishing a flagrant cause of war, is now the question with England. It has become a necessity in public movements to secure the voice of this confederacy of nations in justification of hostilities. A nation must have a show of reason for an attack upon a neighboring power, especially if that power be one of the European family. France has long foreseen the advances of England in the Oregon pretension, and the Chinese invasion, to a completion of her chain of provinces around the world. The beautiful island of Tahiti was an integral link, and France at this point with much decision frustrated her adversary. The rights of the islanders were of course a matter unworthy of a consideration. But there is little doubt but that wrongs will be fearfully avenged, and the cruelties practised by the invaders returned with a strong arm on their own heads.

A fresh affair has occurred to heighten the jealousy of the rival nations. A British man of war, with a commodore's pennant, arrived at Tahiti to relieve one of the vessels on that station. No salute was fired by the stranger in honor of the French admiral's flag and in consequence the boats of the French squadron cut off all communication with the shore. In this state of affairs the English commodore left Tahiti without communication with the British resident.

A slight over act will suffice to bring on open hostilities; for in such case a European naval officer in the Pacific is not likely to be governed by the cool prudence and qualifying delay which temper the proceedings of diplomacy and courts. The quarrels at Tahiti may be rendered memorable as the beginning of a general war in Europe, and the seemingly testy broils of the Pacific may be at last settled by the powerful armaments of warring nations on the Atlantic. The paltry Falkland affair brought about a misunderstanding, which cost thousands of lives and millions of treasure, and there is every reason to suppose that Tahiti will obtain a similar historic celebrity.

Trenton Journal.

EXCITEMENT AT LEXINGTON.

We have already referred to the excitement which existed in Lexington, Ky., in relation to the True American, a paper published by Cassius M. Clay, advocating the emancipation of the slaves of that State.

Monday of last week was the day appointed for a general meeting of that portion of the citizens of Fayette County who were opposed to Mr. Clay, and determined to suppress his paper.

A passenger from the West informs the editor of the Baltimore Sun, that Mr. Clay has been prevailed on by his friends to move with his office to Cincinnati, Ohio, and that a portion of his printing materials had already been despatched to that place. A large concourse of persons had assembled, and the destruction of the office would have been inevitable but for the adoption of this course.

This account is confirmed in part by a letter published in the Herald, dated at Lexington on the 18th inst., the day appointed for the general meeting of the citizens of Lexington and Fayette County. We copy the following extract:

"This day there were people from all the adjoining counties, to assist in the work of protecting our interests from the incendiary movements of the Abolitionists.

"J. M. Bullock was chosen chairman of the meeting; Benj. Grete, secretary. Mr. Marshall introduced with some few remarks, the report of the committee appointed by the citizens, together with the resolutions prepared.

"The last resolution is in about these words: 'That press we will stop, peacefully if we can, or forcibly if we must.' A committee of sixty were appointed to proceed to the office and take down the press, box it up and send it to Cincinnati.

"The committee went to the office—the key was given to them—the city marshal reported progress, that in a few hours the press, &c., would be on the cars.

"The committee reported at two o'clock that the press was taken down, and pledged themselves that in a few hours it should be on the cars. Before the meeting to write these few lines.

"I requested to inform you at first, that C. M. Clay has been sick with the typhoid fever for thirty-five days, and could not be personally present."

A letter in the Tribune, dated Cincinnati, Aug. 20th, says:

"Cassius M. Clay's press is destroyed! The mass meeting of Monday last, at Lexington, appointed a committee of sixty to take possession of it, to box it up, and to ship it to Cincinnati.—This they did.

Dreadful railroad accident at Albany. On Thursday afternoon the western train crossing Broadway struck a barouche in which were Mr. Jacob Anthony, of Cohoes, his wife, and Mr. John Lyman and his wife and son, of Rochester. Mrs. Anthony was cut in two, Mr. Lyman was badly hurt, and his wife and son slightly; Mr. Anthony and the driver were not injured, and only one of the horses killed.

The Health of the Pope, is said to be so feeble as to excite great alarm among his friends.—He suffers much from a cancer on the nose with which he has been for some time afflicted. The disease has been lately somewhat checked, but within the last few days has again acquired fresh violence. He is now nearly 80 years old.

Right. Presented by the Grand Jury of Suffolk County as a Noisance—the immoral novels translated from the French, also the American novels of the same description.

The Atlas says counterfeit \$2's of the Gardner Bank, Me., are in circulation; Perkins' stereotype steel plate.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 2, 1845.

Election, September 8.

FOR GOVERNOR,

HUGH J. ANDERSON.

REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS.

FIRST DISTRICT.

JOHN F. SCAMMON.

FOR SENATORS.

STEPHEN H. CHASE,

WILLIAM THOMPSON,

JOHN J. PERRY.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS.

CHARLES ANDREWS.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY

WILLIAM K. KIMBALL.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

LEVI STOWELL,

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

FRANCIS L. RICE.

To the Polls!

Wake up, Democrats!

The County of Oxford has always done good service in the cause of popular liberty. She has always maintained an enviable distinction among her sister Counties. She is always true to the cause. Her zeal and good deeds are every where spoken of with pleasure and admiration. Much depends on her in the coming election. Energetic action on her part will defeat the cause of Whiggery. Apathy and division will promote the cause of her enemies.

The coming contest is one scarcely second to that of last year, when the Democracy of Maine achieved one of the most splendid victories that ever signified the people of any State. Democracy triumphant at the coming election, secures a Governor—a Council—a Legislature—a United States Senator, and the adoption of those measures most consistent with justice, equality and right. Democracy defeated, and these officers will be supplanted by the enemies of Republicanism—the friends of Clay—the foes of Jackson—the authors of Log Cabins, and the drinkers of hard cider. With so much at stake, can Oxford fail to do her duty?

In order to do our whole duty, we must be vigilant and circumspect. We must watch our wily foes, and, above all, be united. Union is strength; without it we must fail. Let Union be our motto and the field is ours.

Look out for mixed Tickets—composed partly of Democrats and partly of Whigs; or which is about the same thing, partly of regularly nominated candidates and partly of those who are nominated by a few disappointed individuals. This is always a trick of the enemy—a scheme of deception—and should be frowned upon by all honest men. Let every voter get his ticket from some one whom he knows to be a firm and honest Democrat.

Look out for enemies in disguise—men who profess Democracy, and adopt the motto of "measures not men," but who set against it—men who "say and do not." Such will often acknowledge the duty of sustaining regular nominations and acknowledge candidates fairly selected, and still oppose them. "For such there is no law," and, exhortation would be thrown away—very much like "casting pearls before swine." Look out for them.

Let it be borne in mind, by all good Democrats, that we labor and vote for certain measures and principles; and for men, whether we like them personally or not, who are the true representatives of these principles. We labor for what is American, opposed to what is Foreign—for what is Republican, opposed to what is Aristocratic—for what is Democratic, opposed to Whiggery or ancient Federalism—for a strict construction of the Constitution, opposed to consolidation—for strict obedience to the will of a majority of the people, regardless of consequences—and place our faith in the virtue and intelligence of the people for the correction of all wrongs and abuses. Let who may abandon these principles for men, we will not. Democrats of Oxford, as you value these principles, forsake them not in the hour of need. Come to the Polls, with no other purpose but to defeat your enemies.

A Truth.

The Bangor Democrat says—"One fact will sometimes upset a hundred assertions. The Whigs allege that the authorities of this State have attempted to commit a fraud on the U. S. government, and to draw money under false pretences from the Secretary, and a great many other things pertaining thereto. Mr. Harris was Maine's agent and the instrument used to effect the pretended fraud. He has since been appointed to an office in the U. S. Treasury Department. This one fact shows a multitude of wing assertions to be untrue, for if Mr. Harris had been concerned in an attempted fraud on the Treasury, he would not have been taken into the employ of the Department."

Will our friends in the different towns in this County forward us accurate returns of the votes for the different candidates, at their earliest convenience. By attending to this they will greatly oblige us.

The Whig "Roorback."

The Federal papers have much to say about the "frauds" upon the general government by the authorities of Maine, in urging the claims of individuals for losses during the Aroostook troubles for payment by the general government. They say that these claims are of a fraudulent character, &c. Now the people would like to be informed on one or two points in relation to this matter, and

First.—If these claims are fraudulent, why did Mr. Morse, the Federal candidate for Governor, advocate their payment out of the State Treasury, while a member of the Legislature?

Second.—While a member of Congress, why did he approve of these claims, and advocate their payment out of the National Treasury?

Third.—Where is the consistency or honesty of these assertions respecting these claims, and the vic charges made against the Democratic candidate for Governor, when it is notorious that their own candidate is fully committed in favor of them?

In what estimation must they hold the people of Maine, to attempt thus boldly to palm off a miserable "Roorback" as the truth?

Come, gentlemen, answer these questions frankly, and own that by blackguardism and falsehood you hoped to elude the vigilance of the people, and steal into power, well knowing that you cannot hope for success by honest and commendable means.

Come, own up, and let the people learn from your own confessions, your folly, inconsistency and dishonesty.

Union.

Democrats, remember that in our party our greatest strength consists in UNION. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Then cherish union and harmony, and from Governor down to Representative to the Legislature, sustain the regular nominations of the party.

"Come out from among them."

Our Whig friends are feasting over their prospect of success in this County at the coming election.—Some of the leaders say openly that they have a fine chance now to trip up the heels of the Oxford Democracy. They say to the Democrats, "You are about to turn out some of your oldest and best officers. This will never do. Some of you Democrats ought to have sense of justice enough about you to unite with us and prevent such an act of injustice. Come, take hold with us, you good old fashioned Democrats, and we'll set you right on this matter. Follow us and all will be well." This is said in open day.

It is yet to be seen whether any Democrats will follow these Federal Whig leaders. That some will do, cannot be doubted; but that they are Democrats anxious to obey the wishes of the majority may well be questioned. We have men among the Democracy who are so from interest, not principle—men who vote for regular nominees when their expectations are to be realized, but against them when those expectations are to be defeated. Some are bound up in men, and will not see far enough to discover that it is "measures and not men" that have always led us on to victory.

If there be any Democrats who are disposed to follow Whig lead in this election, in relation to any of the nominees for County or State Officers, I predict it will be those who have seldom voted for regular nominees, and who have no sympathies with the Democratic party except so far as their own ends are promoted. It seems passing strange that this should not be the case, when men professing to be Democrats can unite with and follow Whig partisans as guides.

If there are any honest Democrats who are inclined to favor Whig tactics, let them be exhorted now to come out from them, and count the cost. Such men say that the Conventions that nominated these men were unfair. The same assertion can be made of every Convention. Can you say there was corruption among the Delegates. The same is always asserted by those who are disappointed, especially where there is more than one candidate for the same office. Can you say the nominees are unfit to perform the duties of their respective offices? This is not true. There is not a man named who is not capable of performing all the duties of the respective offices acceptably to the public. Can you defeat any of the nominees; and if so, what will be your gain? I predict that none of the nominees will be defeated, and that all the gain there will be may be set down to the Whig party, and that those who engage in it will hereafter regret it. Whigs and Democrats cannot unite in politics.—I say to Democrats, "Come out from among them" before 'tis too late. Yours, &c.

ABOLITION CONVENTION.

Mr. ENRON.—The Abolitionists held a County Convention at the Court House in this place a week ago to-day. It was organized by the choice of John Conant, President, and Zury Robinson, Scribe.

As to numbers, this Convention was small, very small. It looked like the "forlorn hope." There was scarcely a "corporeal guard." The number of Abolitionists present did not exceed twenty-five! Still this prodigious body of men was denominated a county Convention. If Mr. Willie had been present, he would have repeated the remark he made when he was here before, viz.—That he was surprised that people here did not take more interest in Liberty principles.

As to zeal, and respectability, this Convention would compare well with any similar body of men. I could not suppress the idea that these men were honest-hearted and benevolent—acting as they thought from good and patriotic motives.

No one will doubt the moral courage of this Convention, for the paucity of numbers did not deter the members from nominating County Officers.

Zury Robinson, of Sumner, John Pike, of Fryeburg, and Jacob Bradbury, of Norway, were nominated for Senators. Wm. E. Goodnow, of Norway, for Clerk of Courts. Eliza Morse, of Paris, for County Treasurer. Francis Hamlin, of Sweden, for County Commissioner. Samuel V. Brown, of Buckfield, County Attorney. Their election is problematical.

In discussing certain Resolutions, it was asserted

by a Mr. Jordan that the Constitution was an Anti-Slavery document, and that its meaning had been so wrested as to make it a Slavery document. A Mr. Jenkins, who is a follower of Garrison—a man who supposes that Slavery never can be abolished till the destruction of the Church, arose in his place and said the gentleman was mistaken; and that the Constitution was a pro-Slavery document. Mr. Jordan replied, and Mr. Jenkins rejoined. But the soil of Maine is not congenial to Garrisonism—nor was this Convention. Several speakers now came to Mr. Jordan's rescue, and the Resolution was finally passed, to the no small mortification of Mr. Jenkins, who had come all the way from Massachusetts to teach our Abolitionists the true faith. Poor Mr. Jenkins soon left the Court House with a "flea in his ear," or rather with "lopped ears."

The utmost harmony prevailed throughout all the proceedings. There was no excitement—no heart-burnings about the candidates—and, as far as I could discover, there was no envy or strife. I should judge that the nominations would give general satisfaction, and that there would be no "bolting," except among the Garrisonites, who are below zero in these diggings. If however this latter faction should "bolt," and join the Whigs, you must look out for "dark clouds" and "long heels."

Yours truly,
N. B. This Convention was composed chiefly of Whigs.

Beware of Disorganizers!

We have reason to believe from indications not equivocal, and from assertions, that certain individuals who pretend to be Democrats, are using great efforts to divide the Democratic party by procuring a mixed ticket, with the intention of defeating some one or more of the regularly nominated candidates. This effort is confined to a very small number of individuals, and will probably effect but little towards the County, if known and properly guarded against. We hope for the good of the cause, that the threatening assertions of disaffected persons will not result in any action; for such efforts are sure to injure those who are engaged in them. We suggest to all true Democrats the necessity of scrutinizing the actions of open enemies, and especially those who pretend to be friends, but at the same time are using every effort to produce division. We are happy in being able to state to our readers that although there were many who were greatly disappointed at the result of the County Convention, when the result was first made known, "the sober second thought" has convinced them of the justice and propriety of its conduct, and disposed them to use every honorable effort to sustain it. This we think will be the conclusion of every candid Democrat. We predict that our regular ticket will be successful in "Old Oxford," with at least 1500 votes to spare.

Rally, Democrats, Rally.

The time has now come when it is necessary for our friends to bestir themselves for the coming election. Next Monday you will be called upon to assemble at the polls, there to pronounce judgment upon the character of our existing State and National Administrations, and to select those who are to control the destiny of the State and exert an important influence in the Nation for the future. Last year you voted as one man, and purged the Nation from the evils which were imposed upon it by the wrongs of their drunken revelry of 1840, and have this year witnessed the happy results of that purgation in the health and vigorous business of the nation, and the general restoration of confidence between man and man. The question now is, shall we rally to the support of this?

DEMOCRATIC ADMINISTRATION

which has already done so much for the benefit of the people, and which promises to do much more hereafter.

You have put in nomination for the important office of Governor, a distinguished citizen who has served you with great fidelity, ability and honesty, in that office for the last two years, and under whose administration the State has gone on in a course of uninterrupted and successful prosperity. Your political enemies and the enemies of Democratic principles have attempted to break down and destroy the reputation of this man by resorting to the most foul and

MALICIOUS SLANDERS.

imaging directly not only to destroy a distinguished democrat but to overthrow the Democratic party in Maine. Shall they succeed in this malicious plot? Yes, Democrats and Republicans of Maine, must answer this question at the ballot box.

You have put in nomination, for the vacant elective offices in the State, men of ability, honesty and stern republican principles. These men if elected, will carry out the great principles of our party—they will preserve the character and credit of the State—they will protect the rights of labor and see to it that the poor are not oppressed by the haughty and, and I repeat, the poor—day will not be long when our industry, and commerce that remain for special interest which has injured so many individuals, and involved States and yet goes on unhindered—they will maintain the rights of our country in peace or WAR, and place in the United States Senate a

DEMOCRATIC SENATOR.

who will truly represent the interests of the State, instead of the man who now represents only the Federal party. Shall these men whom you have put in nomination for such important positions, succeed? or shall they be defeated? The question is a very recent answer at the BALLOT BOX on the 8th of Sept.

In 1831 the Whigs in the middle and then power, secured a variety of wicked and dishonest laws, calculated to injure and oppress the honest and industrious classes of the country. Most of these laws have since been repealed by the efforts of the Democracy. Among these would have been repealed the tariff of 1844 which was the cause of having the tariff so increased as that it should

PROTECT ALL EQUALLY.

giving undue advantage to none. To accomplish this, the necessary of the democratic party must be maintained. It therefore is of great importance that the next outcome of Maine rally for the coming Election, and see that the name of every Voter is on the List, and then that every Man is at the Polls.

(Augusta Age.)

WAR WITH MEXICO.—There has been, for some two weeks past, a multitude of rumors floating about the country in relation to a declaration of war by Mexico against the United States. Some of them have some appearance of truth; but still we do not yet give credit to the idea that Mexico would be so foolhardy as to come to an open rupture with this country. Her Statesmen and leading men must be aware of the utter hopelessness of a contest single handed on her part, and unless and was expected from some powerful nation, it would be sheer madness. However the case may be, our Government appears to be taking all proper precautionary measures with commendable despatch. United States troops are being sent into Texas with all possible speed, and if the rumors prove true of a large body of Mexican troops moving towards

Texas, they will be surprised when they attempt to cross the Rio Grande to find so many of Uncle Sam's troops there "to see 'em," and give them a warm reception. A few days will decide the truth or falsity of the rumors.

Beware of Mixed Tickets!

Just as one paper is going to press we learn that Voice bearing the name of a part of the regularly nominated candidates, and the names of other men, for the purpose of creating division and dissension, are being circulated in every section of the County. Democrats, beware of them; as you wish success and prosperity, touch them not!

Are you all Ready?

The proximity of the approaching election, and the apparent apathy of our political opponents, demand of our democratic friends an immediate and thorough organization. A few days will decide for well or for the political destiny of the State for another year. The whig press pretend that their friends are inactive and making no effort for the contest. Believe it not. Too often have we been deceived in this way. Their policy is to present to the public the idea of indifference and inactivity, while they are silently and diligently preparing for a fight. They know that in a fair field, contested election, they have nothing to expect. Experience has most fully convinced them of this. Hence the necessity of resorting to stratagem. But experience has taught us also some bitter lessons. The Democracy of Maine, though never conquered, have sometimes been surprised. Shall it be so at the ensuing election?

To the old well tried veterans, those who have lived and labored long in promoting the cause of truth and of good government, we appeal. Some of you long since labored to sow the seed of republican truth. You have lived to see your labors crowned with an abundant harvest. Under the guidance of republican councils you have seen the country progressing in all its varied interests in an unparalleled degree, until she now stands forth as a Beacon light to the rest of the world. Man's capability for self government, once regarded beautiful only in theory, has been so clearly demonstrated, that he among us who would speak of it longer as an untried experiment, would justly expose himself to the charge of political infidelity. Will not the Fathers of Democracy still labor to maintain the ascendancy of those principles which have contributed to elevate the country to her present exalted position? How can you now do so but by carrying these principles again to the ballot box? Are you ready for another exhibition of your devotion to the cause of free principles. Remember the 8th of September.

Our middle aged friends also we again urge to rally. Upon such the country must ever rely mainly for support. Engaged in the active business of life, a portion of their energy should be exerted to sustain and promote the advancement of those principles and that policy which protect them in the enjoyment of equal, not exclusive privileges. Our enterprising, industrious business men need not the special interposition of government in their behalf. All they ask is equal protection. That under the broad wings of our constitution they may be permitted to reap the fruits of their own enterprise, untrammelled and unfettered by an unhealthy competition. They seek only that protection which a free government affords to all. To such we would again appeal. Are you ready to give another illustration of your zeal in behalf of the true interests of the country? The approaching election will afford an opportunity to the Governor of the State. The policy of the national administration is before you for approval. The important measures to which the country stands pledged, demand an exhibition of our united strength. Shall that demand be unheeded? Most assuredly it will not be if you will remember the 8th of September.

And will not the young men, to whose noble exertions we are greatly indebted for the glorious result of the late election, again put on their armor? The old maxim, "old men for counsel, and young men for war," should not be forgotten. Work for the cause. Throw aside all considerations but that of your country's good. Let no jarring elements detract from your zeal. Let will those, who for the first time will soon be entitled to exercise the right of suffrage, remember the importance of voting right the first time? Let not your future years be saddened by the reflection that your first participation in public affairs was unfortunate. How many have had occasion to regret their first vote. Let not this be the experience of the young men of Maine. Be sure to be well grounded in your political faith and remember the 8th of September.

In a word, let there be no more given to all. Let there be a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether. Let there be no dissension in the ranks of the Democracy. Remember that the question is not, "Do you wish to be elected by one vote?" but, "Do you wish to be elected by the people?" Without it all may be lost. Let there be no "holding" from the regularly nominated candidates. It is a terrible thing to do. The conventions have been properly held and the people have had a full opportunity to be heard in the selection of candidates. It is now right that the will of the majority as concentrated and expressed in convention, should be carried out. Let no collateral questions be entered into for a moment. Be prepared with an abundance of votes and be sure that you and your neighbors remember the 8th of September. [Argus.]

The last Whig Roarback exposed. The Belfast Journal of Friday contains a communication from Governor Anderson, upon the subject of Maine's Claims, and the alleged official fraud in regard to them. A more complete exposure of Whig iniquity in trumping up false charges, perverting plain facts, and impudent lying, for party effect, we have not for a long time seen than in the simple recital by Gov. Anderson of all the transactions out of which this Roarback has been manufactured by the Whigs. His plain and connected statement of facts is a complete and most triumphant vindication of the Governor and Council from all the insinuations and charges made by the Whigs against them on the score of claims. We shall publish this exposure of attempted Whig frauds in our next number. [Bangor Democrat.]

"ALL THE DEGENCY"

The Cincinnati Gazette thus explains the sudden disappearance of B. Hardin, the Whig Secretary of State of Kentucky as follows:

"He had sent to his care, from near Bradstov a country girl to learn the milliners' business. He put her in a brothel, intending, as it is supposed, to pollute her there. The citizens of Frankfort found out Mr Hardin's base intentions, and drove him out of the city as they would some common scullion. It was hard to keep his back free, we learn, from a coat of tar and feathers. They served him right. Any man guilty of so brutal an attempt, and more especially upon an ignorant and unsuspecting stranger sent to his care ought to be driven beyond the haunts of civilized man."

Had this Hardin been a democrat, what a tremendous hue and cry would have been raised against him. His being a whig, makes— all the difference in the world!

"PRESS ONWARD."

The election is at hand, and it behooves every Democrat to press onward, like a fearless advocate of good principles. In the last September election, we pressed forward like an army with banners, and achieved a noble victory. Shall we do it again, (Democrats,) or shall principles desisted in '44, be triumphant in '45? Stop not to reason, but press onward to action. Let not the seeming apathy of our opponents, nor our own fancied strength, deceive us. Think not because we had near 7000 majority over abolition and federal votes, 1700 plurality over the Whig candidate for Governor last fall, that we can or ought to neglect our rights of suffrage. Remember that unceasing, eternal vigilance is the price of Democratic liberty; and if we fail to go to the polls, a federal administration will come into power. Sleep not, rest not, (all you have told your neighbors the election is at hand, and that all must rally on the 8th second Monday of September next. Let your motto be, Anderson, Oregon, and equal privileges. [Argus.]

[For the Advertiser.] GOLD COIN.

The article in your Thursday's paper relating to counterfeit U. S. gold coins has caused quite a flutter among the lovers of the "yellow boys." Many an old stocking has been ransacked, to see if the nest of shiners contained any infected with the small o under the eagle. It was stated that all having that mark are not genuine.

This information is calculated to make trouble for it is certain that some of the genuine have this letter on them, and that others are marked C, and some others D. These letters distinguish the mints where they are coined; O standing for New Orleans, C for Charlotte N. C., and D for Dahlonega Ga. The old mint at Philadelphia has no mark.

The coins of the several mints vary a little in their general appearance, not being struck from the same dies. If any are found of lighter weight or of course they are superior, but in my experience of handling a good deal of U. S. gold, I have rarely detected a counterfeit.

Explosion of a powder mill—two men killed. One of the Powder Mills in this city owned by Oliver M. Whipple, Esq. exploded on Friday, about half-past nine o'clock, by which, we regret to say, two valuable lives were lost. The mill is the one called the "grinding mill," on the bank of Concord river, about a mile from the heart of the city, and has been worked without accident for the last twenty-three years. Only a part of the works were in operation at the time of the accident, in which two men were employed. Their names were Albert J. Brown and Gardner Boynton. It is not known what occasioned the explosion. The body of Mr. Boynton was blown all to pieces; one of his legs was found across the river. Brown was alive when discovered. He was thrown into the roadway. He died however, in a few minutes after the accident. His body was not mutilated, though it was completely blackened. Both of the men were about thirty years of age. Brown, who is from Windham, N. H., has a wife and three children. Boynton, a wife and two children.

The report of the explosion was heard all over the city. It is supposed there were in amount between forty and fifty kegs of powder in the mill. This is a very bad affair, and no one will feel more grieved for the loss of the two valuable lives than Mr. Whipple, whose good works and liberal spirit is well known. [Lowell Courier.]

Affection and Bravery of a Boy. Two little negro boys were recently riding an old pony over a plantation in this county in pursuit of cattle, when of a sudden, a wild cat leaped from a fence upon the pony and seized upon one of the children. The pony, in a fright, jumped away, leaving the children in company with the wild cat. The boy seized the cat to rescue his friend from its jaws and teeth, when the pony, frightened by the noise, and actually stamping on the cat, it was killed. The pony is a pet, about 25 years old, lives in the yard and cat, sleeps in a great favorite—walks among the crabs with the utmost ease; and, in gratitude for kindness, has exhibited a trait of character that would honor man.

The accident happened upon the Pettibone plantation, under the control of Gen. Wm. L. Brandon who is our informant. [Woodville Republican.]

Adieu to the Whigs. The returns from the West and South, of the elections which took place last week, are beginning to come in. Thus far they look as well as we anticipated; and yet we doubt believe that we have more than held our own. If we have done that. [Lowell Courier.] But it does not believe you have done "that" either. But if Pick was elected by an overwhelming majority, what is Clay's chance of being President in '48, if you don't vote any faster than you have done? [Lowell Advertiser.]

Remember. The Whigs of Kennebec held their Senatorial and County Convention at Augusta, on the 11th inst. For Senators they have nominated Hon. David Bronson, Leavitt Loring, and Isaac Remondson.

WESTWARD HO!

Our troops are flocking to the western territory of Texas, under the immediate directions of the Secretary of War. We publish movements of various corps in that direction.

Gen. Gaines has made, it is said, requisition on the governor of Louisiana for volunteers—without any instructions from the Secretary of War, it is believed, or without any other information subsequent to what was brought by the Water Witch. But the call has had the effect of displaying the true patriotic spirit of the people of Louisiana. The volunteers of New Orleans came forward at once to respond to it. Among them, is the French general, Sully, about 60 years of age, who has seldom left the city. He came forward, like a young man, to offer the services of his noble artillery, one of the best disciplined corps in the United States [Washington Union.]

Celibacy of Young Ministers. The Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at its annual session a few weeks ago received twelve preachers into the traveling connection. There was a strict examination of their experience, doctrine, &c., and they were required to give pledges not to marry until they should become Elders. We believe they are ordained as such after a trial of four years, during which they are put on a regular course of study in connection with their labors and examined in the same annually.

Votes! Votes!

Printed Ballots to be had at this Office in any quantity. All orders promptly attended to. Town Committees should apply direct without delay. See to it promptly.

Consumption, dire and dreaded, is the enemy which it is the mission of Buechan's Hungarian Balm to meet and overthrow. And this mission has been performed in hundreds of most hopeless and appalling cases.

From Geo. Coleman, Portland, Me. I have now been agent for the Hungarian Balm nearly two years, and during that time have sold several gross in this city and vicinity which has been used by invalids with astonishing success. Several physicians, being satisfied of the good qualities of the Balm, have recommended it to the public.

Yours truly, GEO. COLEMAN.

pamphlets respecting this Great English remedy may be had gratis of Messrs Hanson, only Agents in Paris.

MARRIED.

In Portland, John P. Davis, Esq., to Miss Lucie M. Hobbins, both of Bridgton. Mr. Edward H. Pike to Miss Eunice Skilling, both of Portland. In Lowell, Mass., Rev. H. R. Nye, of Bangor, to Miss Harriet A. F. Welch. In Washington, D. C., Prof. Lorenz D. Ganger, of Athens, Ohio, to Miss Martha E. daughter of Mr. Daniel Sewall, of Farmington, Me.

DIED.

In Stockbridge, Mass., Mr. John Ford, a Revolutionary soldier, aged 92 years. He was a soldier under Gen. Sumner at 17, at Vicksburg, and among the veterans who compelled Gen. Burgoyne to surrender his army at Saratoga. In Augusta, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Elbridge G. Waterhouse, aged 29 years.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of Charles Frost, Guardian of Lucy E. Chapman, minor child of Eliphaz Chapman, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, praying for license to sell said minor's interest in certain real estate situated in said Bethel, Glynn, Newry, Musco, and Riley Plantations, all in said County, for the purpose of paying out and securing the proceeds thereof on interest for the benefit of said minor.

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Bethel, on the 15th day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of Samuel A. Turner and others, Prayers of John Turner, late of Turner, in said County, deceased, praying for a division of the Real Estate of said deceased agreeably to the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

It was Ordered, that the said Petitioners give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Turner, on the 18th day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of Hannah Brown, Administratrix of the estate of John Brown, late of Oxford, in said County, deceased, having presented her first account of her administration of the estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, that the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the 18th day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of Amos Gardner, Administrator of the estate of John Gardner, late of Paris, in said County, deceased, having presented her first account of her administration of the estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the 18th day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Waterford, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of Charles Frost, Guardian of Lucy E. Chapman, minor child of Eliphaz Chapman, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, praying for license to sell said minor's interest in certain real estate situated in said Bethel, Glynn, Newry, Musco, and Riley Plantations, all in said County, for the purpose of paying out and securing the proceeds thereof on interest for the benefit of said minor.

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Bethel, on the 15th day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Commissioners' Notice.

The creditors of the estate of PHINEAS WOOD, late of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, deceased, are hereby notified that we have been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for said County, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of all the creditors of said estate; that six months after the date of the death of said deceased, to-wit: the 15th day of August, 1845, are allowed to said creditors to present and prove their claims; and for the performance of our duty in this matter, we shall be in session at the dwelling house of Widow Elizabeth Wood, or the former residence of the deceased, on Tuesday, the 16th day of September, Tuesday, the 16th day of October, 1845, and on Tuesday, the 16th day of January, A. D. 1846, next, from nine o'clock A. M. to five o'clock P. M., on each of said days.

ALVAN HOLSTER, JAMES H. FAIRBANKS, Commissioners.

Rumford, August 14th, 1845.

MAINE STATE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE Teacher's Class, under the sanction of the Maine State Musical Association, will be held at AUGUSTA, commencing on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1845, at ten o'clock A. M., and will continue in session four days, closing on Friday. The Trustees have made an arrangement with Prof. Ames of Boston, who has engaged to be present and take charge of the Class during the time.

Lectures will be given on Elementary Teaching, in which the most approved method of teaching vocal music in common singing schools will be explained and illustrated. Some attention will be paid to the formation and delivery of the voice, together with the practice of Solfege exercises.

In connection with the above lectures, the practice of singing common Church Music will be daily attended to, the exercises being accompanied with such critical remarks as may have a tendency to promote an uniform, chaste and appropriate style. Some attention will also be given to Musical Elocution and its adaptation.

The above Musical Association was organized in February, 1844, with a view of sustaining the attempt to raise the standard of Music in this State; the result of the enterprise has thus far been highly satisfactory—the class which assembled at Augusta last Fall, although consisting of students of very limited notice, gave evidence of future success, and it is confidently expected that with proper exertions to give this notice a wide and general circulation, the class this Fall will be very large. An opportunity is here afforded to all those ladies and gentlemen who expect or wish to engage in teaching, and also to the conductors of churches, to add to their qualifications, both in matter and manner, the experience of one whose knowledge of the subject places him among the first teachers in our land. It is not expected that so short a course of Lectures is sufficient alone to make good teachers, but experience proves that much advantage may be gained by even a short attendance; the exact selection of aiding the cause of Sacred Music, in the only advantage the Association expects to receive, and it deems it to be no less the duty than the privilege of all who intend to teach, to join the class this Fall, and avail themselves of the instruction there imparted. It most especially invites the attention of singing ladies all over the State, who are engaged in teaching our common schools; a few valuable ideas which they may get by an attendance this Fall, would, added to their present knowledge of the subject, enable them to teach juvenile classes in our towns and villages with good success. It is expected that singing exercises will be taken from the New Book of Mr. Mason's which has just appeared. Tickets of admission to the above exercises, at two dollars each, admitting a lady and gentleman, may be had of DAVENPORT, C. N. A. Market Square, Augusta, at which place gentlemen are invited to call on their arrival, and during their stay in town.

DANIEL C. STANWOOD, Secretary of the Maine State Musical Association.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the Counties of Oxford and Kennebec.

THE undersigned would respectfully represent, that the existing route from the interior of Oxford County, near Andover Center, to the navigable waters of the Kennebec river, are very inconvenient, unsafe, and unprofitable, and that in our belief a much more convenient route may be had, crossing the mountains and over the hills, and that the great increase of wealth and population in the interior of Oxford County, as well as the rapid advance of business on the Kennebec waters, imperiously demand increased facilities of access to the Kennebec river, that, in fact, the wants of the community may be best supplied by a reasonable expenditure for its construction. We would therefore request your honorable bodies that a joint view may be had, commencing at or near Andover Center, or at some convenient point to connect with a contemplated road from Andover Center to the navigable waters of the Kennebec river, at or near the village of Gardiner, N. CLAY and 222 others.

July, A. D. 1845.

STATE OF MAINE.

Know all men, that by appointment of the Hon. Judge of Probate for said County, on the 24th day of August, 1845.

On the Petition of certain subscribers, evidence having been produced that the petitioners are a body of men, and that they are desirous of having a road constructed from the interior of Oxford County, near Andover Center, to the navigable waters of the Kennebec river, and that the great increase of wealth and population in the interior of Oxford County, as well as the rapid advance of business on the Kennebec waters, imperiously demand increased facilities of access to the Kennebec river, that, in fact, the wants of the community may be best supplied by a reasonable expenditure for its construction. We would therefore request your honorable bodies that a joint view may be had, commencing at or near Andover Center, or at some convenient point to connect with a contemplated road from Andover Center to the navigable waters of the Kennebec river, at or near the village of Gardiner, N. CLAY and 222 others.

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July, A. D. 1845.

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of License from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at

at the Inn of Wm. Hayes, in Norway in said County, on Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of October next, at two o'clock P. M., so much of the real estate of Thomas J. Everett, late of said Norway, deceased, as will produce the sum of three hundred dollars, for the purpose of paying the debts of the deceased, charges of administration, and incidental charges.

Said real estate consists of the deceased's interest in his homestead Farm in Norway and Waterford, and subject to the right of the Widow's Dower therein, as well as a subsisting mortgage thereon.

Terms and further particulars made known at the time of sale.

WM. FROST, 3d, Administrator.

Norway, August 25, 1845.

Notice.

A PROBATE COURT will be held at the Inn of Wm. Hayes, in Norway, on Monday, the thirtieth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and at the Inn of J. H. Wardwell, Esq. in Rumford, at two of the clock in the afternoon of said day.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

TREASURER'S NOTICE.—Fryeburg.

NOTICE is hereby given, to the non-resident owners of land in the Town of Fryeburg, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the taxes assessed on the following real estate in said town committed to Merrill Wynnan, Collector, by bill dated the 31st day of May, A. D. 1844, and returned and certified by the said Collector to the Treasurer of said town of Fryeburg on the 25th day of July, A. D. 1845, and remain unpaid.

Non-residents names, if known.	Original Proprietors.	No. of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Am't of Tax.
Amos Poor, do	A. McMillan, do	11	3 107	600 \$5 23	
Owner unk. do	Upland, J. Evans, do	1	2 41	200 2 10	
do	B. Russell, (Interval, east end), do	6	2 23	325 3 41	
do	A. McMillan, Interval, do	1	30	300 3 15	
Thomas M. Johnson, do	M. Day, do	30	4 17	150 1 57	
do	do of 4th div. had of Webster, do	1	120	120 1 20	
Owner unknown, do	J. Frye, do	53	4 60	100 1 03	
J. M. & Lewis Howe, do	Wm. Eaton, do	27	11	100 1 05	
Mr. Fowler, do	Meadow in Bridgton, do	46	4 10	120 1 20	
Owner unk. do	G. B. Walker, (Interval, do)	4	25	100 1 03	
Owner unk. do	Buildings and land, 34 acres, Interval, and 50 acres upland, occupied by Isaac Charles, do			1200 12 60	
Owner unk. do	29 acres Interval and upland formerly occupied by James Harrison, do			300 3 15	
Owner unk. do	Codman land, formerly taxed to J. H. Ward, do			100 1 03	
Jona. & Eli Johnson, do	Land adjoining Codman and Brownfield line, do			100 1 30	
Wm. H. Shaw, do	Meadow, do	5	50	50 52	
Owner unk. do	About 12 acres of meadow, bounded by No. 10 J. Frye Interval, No. 5 B. Russell Interval, and No. 5 A. McMillan Interval, do			50 54	

JAMES O. McMILLAN, Treasurer of Fryeburg for 1845.

Fryeburg, August 10th, 1845.

TREASURER'S NOTICE.—Fryeburg.

NOTICE is hereby given to the resident and non-resident owners of land in the Town of Fryeburg, County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the following described real estate is taxed in bills committed to Joseph Chandler, Collector for said town for A. D. 1843, and returned by him to the Treasurer of Fryeburg as due and unpaid, viz:

Residents.

Thomas Chase, Jr., buildings and 6 acres of land, Value, \$200 Am't of Tax, \$1 50

David Davidson, buildings and land, being the Lewis Farm, Value, \$235 Am't of Tax, \$2 72

Coridon L. Ingraham, 2 acres Interval, in Russell point, Value, \$30 Tax, \$3 35

Applion Knight, building and 48 acres of upland, Part No. 34 J. Stark, Value, \$900 Tax, \$6 05

Non-resident property.

Owner, or Original Proprietors. Lot. No. of No. of Val. unknown. Acres. Tax.

Simon E. Walker, do 4 | 4 | 35 | \$150 1 01 || Amos Poor, do | Eastman 41 meadow, do | 6 | 50 | 50 54 |
Owner unk. do	B. Russell, do	1	23	325 3 41
do	A. McMillan, do	1	30	300 3 15
do	Joseph Frye, do	53	4	60 100 1 03
T. M. Johnson, do	M. Day, do	30	4	17 150 1 57
do	do of 4th div. had of Webster, do			120 1 20

JAMES O. McMILLAN, Treasurer of Fryeburg.

Fryeburg, August 10, 1845.

DR. WISTAR'S Balsam of Wild Cherry.

THE best medicine known to man for insipient Consumption. Affects every stage, bleeding of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Liver Complaint, and all diseases of the Pulmonary Organs, may be had of Agents named below.

Be careful in every respect. TRUE. Be careful and get the genuine "Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry," as genuine imitations are abroad.

Agents from many parts of the country should be addressed to A. W. FENWICK 155 Washington St. Boston, sole agent for New England.

Agents.—Prof. Thomas Crocker, Norway, A. C. Deming & Co., North Livermore, J. Coolidge, Canton Mills, J. S. Deming, Dixfield, C. R. Chase, Rumford, J. S. Deming, Rumford, J. H. Wardwell, Winton, J. F. W. Condit, R. Wilson, J. & B. Beane, Augusta, E. Fuller, July 16, 1845.

NOTICE—CAUTION!!

A person calling himself Nonceus is travelling about the N. E. States, selling a spurious article

